

# The Democratic Pioneer.

TRUTH, JUSTICE, AND THE CONSTITUTION.

BY L. D. STARKE.

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## TERMS.

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## POETRY.

WE MET TO PART FOREVER.

BY MISS JULIA A. PLEASANTS.

'Twas when her silver chain,  
The midnight moon was waving  
A darkly waving plain  
Of waters wildly heaving;  
Her heart was more still and calm,  
Than was that roaring river,  
We had sung life's morning Psalm  
And met—to part forever.

We waved a beauteous forest sea  
Beneath that moon's illuming,  
Sorrow, in our sandal tree,  
Her axe had been perfuming;  
Sadly gazed we on the grove  
Which that girl's flowing river,  
Mourning to think, with all our love  
We met to part forever.

Nightingale flung on the breeze  
Her richest vocal treasure,  
A grief, on life's low minor keys,  
Had struck a mournful measure,  
And coldly fell the night bird's song,  
We could but weep and shiver,  
And thick our broken hearts were strong  
To meet and part forever.

A dew fell on the blooming vines,  
A sylvan bowler then shaded,  
In our spirits shattered shines,  
The rose of love was faded,  
Which golden dew, which bathed in  
A crest,  
Again would bathe it never,  
And blighting tear drops burst—  
To meet and part forever.

Archers stars sat on the sky,  
Their silver arrows glancing  
Past each wave, that shouted by,  
To ocean's waste advancing,  
We had felt the poisoned darts—  
From grief's exhaustless quiver—  
They rankled in the writhing hearts,  
That met to part forever.

A many a year since then we met,  
And sorrows have I numbered,  
A bitterer brine hath never yet,  
My faded cheek encumbered,  
Memory like a guilty sprite,  
Still haunts that lonely river,  
Where the moon's unclouded light,  
We met to part forever.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the People's Paper.

## LOVE,

—OR—  
THE WIFE'S DEVOTION.

Who is that beautiful girl? asked a  
young American of his companion, as  
they went for a moment against one of  
the marble pillars to contemplate at lei-  
sure the enchanting scene which a Pa-  
risian ball presents to the eye of a stran-  
ger, who, for the first time visits one of  
those magnificent saloons. The French  
are a lively people, and the Parisian ball  
is unapproachable—certain it is that the  
spirit, animation and joyousness—the  
total abandonment of everything, as it  
were, to the spell of the moment—will  
be looked for in vain in a similar assem-  
bly of any other nation. But to return  
to my tale:

The young girl alluded to was exquisi-  
tely lovely, with a petite and childlike  
figure, a fair, bright face, and a pair of  
the most mischievous blue eyes that  
could be imagined; although the de-  
mureness of her present attitude made  
them appear softened, if not subdued.

Her head was bent a little forward, and  
a profusion of light, sunny curls fell upon  
her white shoulders, and contrasted  
strangely in their brightness with the  
dark emerald blue of her satin robe, the  
front and sleeves of which were clasped  
with diamonds of inestimable value.

By her side sat a young man, attired  
with studied plainness; although the  
curve of his finely shaped head, the fire  
of his dark, melancholy eyes, and the  
rueful expression of his pale, hand-  
some features, rendered him an object of  
whom one would wish to know more.

It is Mademoiselle Verney, replied  
the young Count de Tours: the richest  
heiress in Paris, and on the eve of mar-  
riage with that solemn-looking personage  
by her side.

'She must be very young?' said the  
American.  
'She is scarcely eighteen,' was the  
reply; 'and wilful as she is beautiful.'

'And her lover?'  
'Ah! there lies the disparity: he has  
nothing—absolutely nothing—and is as  
proud as he is poor! Why, Lestelle,  
with her beauty and fortune, might have  
chosen her a husband among the nobles  
of the land; but she is fond and roman-  
tic, and Monsieur Aubertin, quiet as he  
looks, has had wit enough to persuade  
her that she loves him.'

'Persuade her?' repeated the Ameri-  
can.  
'Yes, for she is but a girl, and will  
have changed her mind and repented a  
dozen times before she comes of age.—  
And as for Aubertin's having any real  
disinterested affection for her, we know  
too much of the world to believe that,  
my friend! And the young count laugh-  
ed scornfully, as he drew his companion  
away.

'You are ill, Claude?' said Lestelle,  
anxiously, as she watched the changed  
expression of her lover's face, and mark-  
ed his haughtily contracted brow and  
flashing eyes, 'have I said anything to  
offend?'  
'Will you forgive me, dearest, if I  
confess that I have not heard a word  
you have been saying for the last five  
minutes?' murmured Aubertin, abstract-  
edly.

The young beauty tossed back the  
curls from her white brow, and put up  
her pretty lip, but she did not reply; and  
the long silence that ensued was broken  
at length by Claude.

'Shall I tell you, Lestelle,' he asked  
in a low voice, 'what the Count de Tours  
has just been saying about us?—and he  
speaks doubtless from the common sense  
and opinions of society.'

'As you will,' replied Lestelle, color-  
ing slightly, and trying to speak with  
indifference.  
'He calls you a fond, romantic girl,  
Lestelle, and an adventurer!'

'And can the idle words of such a  
man have the power to move you thus,  
my Claude?' said Lestelle, gently: 'do  
you think, she added, with an arch  
smile, 'that such a prize as myself is to  
be obtained without exciting envious re-  
marks? That I am fond and romantic I  
confess; ever since I can remember, in  
my dreams of young romance, I picture  
to myself an ideal being whom I  
could love; but never were girlhood's  
visions realized as mine have been—  
that is, if my hero does not spoil all by  
his too scrupulous pride!'

'But I have not told you all yet,' con-  
tinued Aubertin, while his haughtily frown  
relaxed beneath the witchery of her  
smiles; 'he said, too, that, but for me,  
with your wealth and beauty, you might  
have commanded one of the most splen-  
did matches in the kingdom!'

'And would that have insured my  
happiness?' asked Lestelle. 'Oh, that  
we lived in the old time of the fairies,  
and that I might have one wish!'

'And what would that be?' inquired  
her lover.

'That we might change situations with  
one another; that you could have all the  
wealth, and I be a poor girl blessed only  
with your affections! Claude, I should  
feel no humiliation, no gratitude in re-  
ceiving all from you—love would have  
equalized us.'

'I fear that your creed is rather a  
theoretical than a practical one, my own  
Lestelle,' said Aubertin, with a mourn-  
ful smile.

'If I could but convert you to its be-  
lief, I think I should have nothing left  
to wish for!' replied the young girl, in a  
whisper; and there was no shade upon  
the open brow of her lover, as he mired  
in the brilliant throng with his  
beautiful and devoted mistress.

The evening passed away as evening  
does when we are most happy; for, with  
all its heart-burnings, its disappoint-  
ments—occasional, perhaps, by the ab-  
sence or coldness of the only one amidst  
a thousand, for whom we have dressed  
and smiled—a ball is a bright epoch in  
the lives of the young.

'I shall see you to-morrow, Claude?'  
said Lestelle, in a timid voice, as they  
stood together, waiting for her carriage  
to draw up.

'Of course,' replied Aubertin, gloom-  
ily. 'I have received a formal invita-  
tion to meet your guardians and the no-  
tary, to sign the deed relative to the final  
settlement of your property.'

'It will soon be over!' said Lestelle,  
laying her hand impudently upon his  
arm. 'And will you bear this trial for  
my sake, Claude?'

'My sweet Lestelle! but I will make  
no promises. You shall see how patient-  
ly I will listen to M. Fradel's arrogant  
taunts, and how humbly and gratefully  
I will conduct myself!'

'Claude!' interrupted Lestelle, almost  
tearfully, 'you are speaking now in bit-  
terness and mockery?'

'No, on verily!' replied her lover,  
laughingly. 'But good night, now, my  
Lestelle, and God bless you!'

He relinquished the hand he held,  
and as the carriage whirled rapidly  
away, the smile faded upon his lips, and  
he walked home in moody thoughtfulness.

It was a severe trial for the good spir-  
it of Claude Aubertin, much as he loved  
Lestelle, to consent to owe everything to  
her—to subject himself to the mortify-  
ing surmises of those who judged of  
him by their own worldly and perverted  
imaginations. And there were times  
when he almost determined to give her  
up forever, although the destruction of  
his own peace and hers should be the  
consequence; while at others he thought  
of doing something to prove himself  
worthy of her love. But a name and  
fortune are not very easily obtained in  
these days, even by the most talented;  
and in the int rim a thousand things

might happen. Lestelle might grow  
old—or die! or she might cease to love  
him—for the heart has its changes, and  
its reasons; none of which, however,  
resemble its first freshness and purity.  
The attachments of our girlhood days  
may last through womanhood, and even  
old age itself; but every year we live,  
more of earthly feeling, more of the  
world's wisdom, will have mingled in  
our dream of love, until it becomes less  
unselfish—less ideal—more rational,  
perhaps, but less passionate and devo-  
ted. And who could be sure that the  
faith of one so beautiful and admired as  
the young heiress would be preserved  
pure and unbroken, through trial and  
temptation, amidst ambition and flattery  
and with him to whose protection she  
had clung so confidently, absent for an  
unlimited period in a foreign land.—  
Woman's fidelity is proverbial; but af-  
ter all, we are but mortal and

Look thro' the world, and this truth you will  
find,  
That once out of sight, you are soon out of  
mind.

It was all very well in the days of  
old, when, on the departure of the true  
knight, the constant fair one would shut  
herself up in her lonely tower, out of  
the reach of temptation, and surrounded  
only by her maidens, employ the weary  
interval in listening to the noble deeds  
of his ancestors, and embroidering a  
gorgeous scarf to present him on his re-  
turn; but in these days of balls, festi-  
vals, and beaux, the young affiance has  
much harder trial—and we seriously  
advise the lover not to be absent longer  
than he can help.

The following day, Aubertin found  
the whole party drawn up to receive  
him. M. Fradel occupying his large  
arm chair at the head of a table covered  
with parchments, and M. Dumont, the  
notary—a hard featured, cold, methodi-  
cal looking being—seated at his right;  
while on the opposite side, Lestelle sat  
with her elbow resting on the table and  
her head bent down; and as she slight-  
ly raised it on the entrance of her lover,  
he saw that her eyes were red and swol-  
len from excessive weeping. Having  
bowed to the gentlemen, and pressed  
the cold trembling hand of Lestelle to  
his lips, he sat down and waited calmly  
for M. Fradel to commence the busi-  
ness that had brought them together.

'You are aware, M. Aubertin,' said  
the old gentleman, at length, 'that my  
ward is very young, and that, in accept-  
ing you for her future husband, she  
acts contrary to my wishes, and demon-  
strates the natural willfulness of her  
sex?'

'All this is not new to me,' replied  
the young man, while he stole an arch  
look at Lestelle, who was watching him  
in breathless anxiety.

'Well, then, we may as well come  
to the point at once: without my con-  
sent your marriage cannot take place  
until Mademoiselle Verney is of age—a  
period of which it wants nearly three  
years; and your signing this deed, by  
which the whole of her property is set-  
tled unalienably upon herself, without  
giving any one else power to draw or  
dispose of one sou of it, is the only con-  
dition on which the hand of Lestelle  
shall be yours.'

A crimson flush passed over the cheek  
and brow of Claude Aubertin, and there  
was a moment's pause, during which  
the keen glance of the old man, the  
cold scrutiny of the notary, and the  
pleading eyes of the anxious girl were  
fixed eagerly upon his face. The strug-  
gle, however, was but of short duration;  
and with a cheerful smile he held out  
his hand for the paper, and glancing rap-  
idly over its contents, instantly affixed  
his name.

'It is well!' said M. Fradel, complac-  
ently. 'Now, Mademoiselle!'  
The hand of the young girl trembled  
so violently that Aubertin was obliged  
to guide it; and when the signature was  
at length completed, she flung herself  
upon his bosom, and wept long and pas-  
sionately. Even the notary was moved  
into something like sympathy, and, gath-  
ering up his papers, he hastened to fol-  
low his patron from the room, and leave  
the lovers at full liberty to give vent to  
their feelings; but, regard for the timid  
and weeping girl, who clung to him so  
fondly and imploringly subdued the of-  
fended pride of Claude Aubertin, and  
he hid little difficulty in soothing her  
fears, and winning back the sun shine  
of her happy smiles.

A few days after this they were mar-  
ried, and three succeeding years, which  
glided past so happily with them, are  
marked in characters of blood in their  
country's annals. Now it was that the  
innate nobility of the mind asserted its  
superiority over the mere hereditary no-  
bility of name and station—that the  
barriers of rank and aristocracy were  
beaten down, and that men owned no  
limits to their own wild wills. Claude  
Aubertin was a revolutionist in the  
best sense of the word. His proud spir-  
it had been stung by the worldly scorn  
of those whom he inwardly despised;  
but not for this did he turn upon his op-  
pressors—not for any feeling save the  
pure and holy loves of liberty; and  
when that name became prostituted to  
the very worst purposes—when it was  
made the watchword to crime and blood-  
shed—he yet clung to it as in his first  
labor of youthful enthusiasm, and trust-  
ed everything to its power when the  
first intoxication should have passed  
away, and be succeeded by an age of rea-  
son and rationality.

Lestelle loved her husband too well  
not to have imbibed his principles; and  
the costly saloons of *la belle citoyenne*,  
as she was called, were nightly  
thronged with the leading political char-  
acters of the times. But Lestelle was  
no longer a girl, laughing from the over-  
flowings of gladness; her smiles were  
less frequent, and had often a puer-  
ile pose to answer which those who

looked upon her fair and bright face  
never dreamed of. There was many  
a proud aristocrat who, although he  
knew it not, owed life and fortune to  
that resistless pleader.

The only cloud that rested on the hap-  
piness of Lestelle was occasioned by the  
scrupulous reserve of Aubertin on all  
affairs connected with her property;  
nor could her fondness and devotion re-  
move the unpleasant feeling which a  
consciousness of his total dependence  
upon his wife was likely to engender in  
his proud and sensitive spirit; and, al-  
though she tried to obviate the difficulty  
by a liberality which pained far more  
than it pleased him, still there were  
moments when he bitterly felt the want  
of funds which could only be drawn  
through her instrumentality, and which  
he would have died rather than asked  
for.

Of late it had been observed that Les-  
telle was much altered; she would sit  
for hours in an attitude of deep thought,  
and was peevish and abstracted when  
roused, as if the plan she was evidently  
arranging in her own mind required the  
concentration of every thought and en-  
ergy. She would be absent, too, for  
hours together, no one knew where, ac-  
companied only by her attendant; she,  
the gentle and timid, who, but a few  
months before, had feared to venture  
from home without the protection of her  
husband. But Aubertin, although he  
felt the alteration, asked no questions;  
he had too much faith in her affection  
to have the remotest idea of the fearful  
shock that awaited him.

One morning, contrary to her usual  
custom, Lestelle took her breakfast in  
her own apartments, sending a mes-  
sage by her maid, requesting the presence of  
her husband, at twelve exactly, in her  
boudoir; and Aubertin, not being able,  
at the moment, to invent any decent ex-  
cuse for refusing to comply with her re-  
quest, reluctantly promised to attend  
her at the hour appointed, determined  
that the meeting should be as brief as  
possible, as he imagined that it merely  
related to matters of a pecuniary nature,  
a subject of which he always entertained  
a nervous horror.

'Is it possible,' thought Claude, 'that  
she can have generously anticipated my  
wish to possess sufficient funds at my  
disposal to prove of beneficial service  
to my country? And yet even if it  
were so, and her guardian consented, I  
would never accept them.'

At the appointed time Aubertin pre-  
sented himself at the door of his wife's  
boudoir, the first glance at which con-  
firmed his previous suspicions as to the  
purpose of his visit. Lestelle was not  
there, but M. Dumont (the same whom  
he had met once before at her guard-  
ian's) stood bending over a business-  
like sheet of parchment.

'Play, be seated, Monsieur,' said the  
little notary; 'Madame Aubertin will be  
here directly.'

Claude bowed coldly, and took the  
offered chair in silence.  
'Glorious times, Monsieur!' said Du-  
mont, rubbing his withered hands to-  
gether; 'glorious times we live in now!  
The age of liberty in every sense of the  
word!'

Claude acquiesced by another bow.  
'You have, doubtless, heard of the  
new law of revolutionary divorce? con-  
tinued M. Dumont; 'a very good, a  
very excellent law, Monsieur.'

'A very convenient one, I should  
think,' replied Aubertin laughing in  
spite of himself at the solemnity with  
which the old man spoke.

'Claude Aubertin,' said the notary,  
after a pause, 'I am a man of few words,  
a man of business, and it is as well to  
come to the point at once. Lestelle  
would avail herself of this opportunity  
to be divorced from you, and has pur-  
posely left us together in order that I  
might inform you of her wishes, to  
which she entreats that you will offer  
no opposition.'

'Accursed liar! it is false!' exclaim-  
ed the enraged husband, 'I will never  
believe it!'

'Claude,' said a gentle voice by his  
side, 'as I hope for your forgiveness  
hereafter, he has spoken nothing but the  
truth! And now, for both our sakes,  
let this scene be a brief one; at a future  
time I shall be explained, if you will  
only sign the paper that sets me free to  
act as I please.'

'Lestelle!' exclaimed Aubertin, 'can  
it be my Lestelle—or do I dream? What  
have I done that you should deceive me  
thus? Have I denied you anything in re-  
ason? Have I loved you less? Have I  
ever spoke one harsh, one unkind word  
to you, that I did not strive the next  
moment to atone for, and obliterate  
from your memory by my care-ness?—  
Have I not for your sake prostrated my  
proud spirit, and dared the sneers of the  
world?—I consented to be dependent  
on a woman—and now she scorns, de-  
spises, derides me.'

'Dumont,' said Lestelle, looking im-  
pudently towards him, 'I cannot bear  
this!'

Aubertin had forgotten the presence  
of the little notary, but he now looked  
proudly up, and, recovering his usual  
calmness, said:

'One more question, and I will sign.—  
Lestelle, as you hope in heaven's mercy,  
do you do this deed willingly?'

'I do!' said the girl, faintly.

'And our divorce will insure your hap-  
piness?'

'It will!' she replied more firmly.

'Then be it so.' But as the pen trem-  
bled in his hand, he looked once more  
upon the flushed countenance of her who  
was soon to be lost to him forever, and  
added, in a hoarse voice, do you remem-  
ber the last deed we signed in this man's  
presence?'

'Perfectly,' replied Lestelle; 'and it  
is that recollection which gives me  
strength to act as I am doing.'

Aubertin bent down his head, and a  
bottled up upon the parchment; but  
there were no traces of it as he re-  
turned the document, with a low bow, to  
the trembling girl.

'You are obeyed, *mademoiselle*!' said  
he, with a mocking smile, as he moved  
rapidly towards the door.

The white lips of Lestelle moved fast,  
but they uttered no sound; she attempt-  
ed to rush forward and arrest his pro-  
gress, and her feet seemed glued to the  
floor; but M. Dumont understood her  
wishes, and hastened after the offended  
Aubertin.

'Well, I never could have believed it,  
so attached as they seemed to each other,'  
said a young citizen to his companion,  
De Tours—the same aristocratic count  
who, but a short time before, would  
scarcely condescend to breathe the  
same air as his plebeian friend, but whom  
a proper regard for his own safety had  
conformed to the equalizing spirit of the  
age.

'I always told you how it would end!'  
said De Tours; 'the romance of the young  
heiress has had time to cool, and she  
seizes the first opportunity that presents  
itself of becoming free again!'

'And poor Aubertin, what has become  
of him?'

'Why, they say that he takes it very  
much at heart; and no wonder, seeing  
that his fortune is scarcely reduced, and  
himself, if possible, more beautiful than  
ever.'

At this moment they were interrupted  
by the entrance of Claude Aubertin him-  
self, with Lestelle leaning on his arm, or  
rather clinging, in her sweet graceful  
manner, while her bright eyes sparkled  
with happiness as she listened with a  
flushed cheek to the whispered accents  
of her husband, on whose countenance  
a smile of triumphant exultation mingled  
with deep love.

'What's this?' inquired De Tours of  
a person who stood near him, and who hap-  
pened to be the little notary, M. Dumont;  
'I thought that the Aubertins had avail-  
ed themselves of the new law, and were  
divorced?'

'And so they were, and married again  
this morning,' said the notary, with a  
knowing twinkle of his cold gray eyes.

'How strange, said De Tours.  
'Not at all; according to the first mar-  
riage settlement, which took place when  
Lestelle was a minor, the whole of her  
property was so tied up by her guardian  
that, without her permission, Aubertin  
had no power to draw a single sou of it;  
but on her coming of age she has avail-  
ed herself of our new law of divorce, in  
order that the money may be re-invested  
in her husband's name only.'

'It was a noble deed,' said De Tours;  
but Aubertin did not at first know her  
reasons for wishing to be separated from  
him—for I met him late last night, in  
the Rue St. Monnet, without his hat, and  
singing the Marseillaise hymn in a frenzy  
of despair and excitement.'

The brief trial which his feelings have  
undergone was unavoidable,' said the  
notary; 'as his proud spirit would never  
have been brought to consent to the sacri-  
fice.'

'De Tours,' said the young citizen,  
impressively, and after a short pause,  
ages to come, when our fearful struggle  
for independence will be remembered  
only with a shudder, the conjugal devo-  
tion of this young girl shall remain as a  
tale to tell round the peaceful hearth-  
stone of a winter's night; and her name  
be added to that golden scroll on which  
the recording angel notes down the no-  
ble deeds of women!'

## PRACTICAL JOKE.

At Long Wharf, Boston, the fishing  
smacks throw their fish into pits, with  
sides perfectly water-tight, and rising to  
the decks while the bottom, which is  
also a part of the bottom of the vessel,  
is perforated with holes. A couple of  
fishmen who wanted work, supposing  
those pits to be sunken vessels, asked  
the privilege of pumping them out.

The two tars aboard, who were first  
class jokers, perceiving the mistake of  
the fishmen, replied yes, and asked  
their price for pumping the smacking  
dry. A bargain was struck for a dollar  
and a half, a pump was procured, and at  
work the two men went, one pumping  
while the other bailed with a bucket.

An hour passed on and still they  
worked, occasionally wondering how deep  
the hole was, and how much water re-  
mained still in the vessel. The two  
sailors, in the meantime, had gone up  
the wharf, as they said, on business.—  
The captain, who was absent at the time  
the bargain was made, came on board,  
and finding the men still hard at work  
with the perspiration pouring off their  
faces, inquired what they were about.—  
'Pumping out the ship!' was the reply.

'Pumping out this ship?' said the cap-  
tain. 'Yes, an' a mighty dape one she is  
intirely,' said one of the perspiring em-  
ployers, as he panted away at the pump-  
handle. 'Sure, I'm thinking' it'll be  
night before we get her dry.' 'Night!'  
said the captain, beginning to roar with  
laughter as he discovered the joke that  
had been perpetrated during his absence.

'Night, why you will not get through  
till you have pumped out Boston Har-  
bor.' He then explained the matter to  
the laborers, who resumed their coats,  
vowing vengeance upon the sailors who  
had 'deserved' them.

DIVORCE AND ITS ABUSES.—A corres-  
pondent writes to the New York Tri-  
bune, from a village in Indiana, that in  
said village lives a mother who had a  
husband whose name she does not bear,  
who has two daughters, each of them  
divorced wives, one of whom obtained  
her bill while her husband lay on his  
death-bed; while in the same village  
lives a man who has two wives living,  
(one of them divorced), and that these  
wives are mother and daughter.

## TALLEYRAND AND ARNOLD.

There was a day when Talleyrand  
arrived in Havre, hot foot from Paris.  
It was the darkest hour of the French  
Revolution. Pursued by the blood-  
hounds of the Reign of Terror, stripped  
of every wreck of property or power,  
Talleyrand secured a passage to Ameri-  
ca, in a ship about to sail. He was a  
beggard and a wanderer to a strange land,  
to earn his daily bread by daily labor.

'Is there an American staying at  
your house?' he asked the landlord of  
the hotel. 'I am bound to cross the  
water, and would like a letter to a per-  
son of influence in the New World.'

The landlord hesitated a moment,  
then replied—  
'There is a gentleman up stairs, ei-  
ther from America or Britain, but wheth-  
er American or Englishman, I cannot  
tell.'

He pointed the way, and Talleyrand,  
who, in this life, was Bishop Prince and  
Prime Minister—ascended the stairs.—  
A miserable suppliant he stood before  
the stranger's door, knocked and enter-  
ed.

In the far corner of the dimly lighted  
room, sat a man of some fifty years, his  
arms folded and his head bowed on his  
breast. From a window directly oppo-  
site, a flood of light poured out over his  
forehead. His eyes looked from beneath  
the downcast brows, and gazed on Tal-  
leyrand's face with a peculiar and  
searching expression. His face was  
striking in outline; the mouth and chin  
indicative of an iron will. His form,  
vigorous, even with the snows of fifty,  
was clad in a dark but rich and distin-  
guished costume.

Talleyrand advanced—stated that he  
was a fugitive—and under the impres-  
sion that the gentleman before him was  
an American, he solicited his kind and  
feeling offices.

He poured forth his history in elo-  
quent French and broken English:  
'I am a wanderer—an exile. I am  
forced to fly to the New World, without  
a friend or home. You are an Ameri-  
can! Give me, then I beseech you, a  
letter of yours, so that I may be able to  
earn my bread. I am willing to toil in  
any manner—the scenes of Paris have  
sized me with horror, so that a life of  
labor would be a paradise to a career of  
luxury in France. You will give me a  
letter to one of your friends? A gentle-  
man like you has doubtless many friends?'

The strange gentleman rose. With a  
look that Talleyrand never forgot, he  
retreated towards the door of the next  
chamber, his eyes looking still from be-  
neath his darkened brow.

He spoke as he retreated backward—  
his voice was full of meaning:  
'I am the only man born in the New  
World who can raise his hand to God  
and say—I have not a friend—not one  
in all America!'

Talleyrand never forgot the overwel-  
ling sadness of that look which accom-  
panied these words.  
'Who are you?' he cried, as the  
strange man retreated to the next room,  
'your name?'

'My name,' he replied with a smile  
that had more mockery than joy in its  
convulsive expression—'my name is  
Benedict Arnold!'

He was gone. Talleyrand sunk into  
a chair gasping the words—  
'Arnold, the traitor!'

Thus, you see, he wandered over the  
earth, another Cain, with a wanderer's  
mark upon his brow. Even in that ac-  
cursed room at that Inn at Havre, his  
crimes found him out and forced him to  
tell his name—that name the synonyme  
of infamy.

The last twenty years of his life are  
covered with a cloud, from whose dark-  
ness but a few gleams of light flashed  
out upon the page of history.

The manner of his death is not exactly  
known. But we cannot doubt that he  
died utterly friendless—that remorse  
pursued him to the grave, whispering  
John Andre! in his ear, and that the  
memory of his course of glory gnawed  
like a canker at his heart, mur-  
muring, forever—True to your country,  
what might you have been, oh! Arnold,  
the traitor!'











## SEASONS OF LOVE

The spring time of love,  
Is both happy and gay,  
For joy sprinkles blossoms  
And balm in our way;  
The sky, earth, and ocean,  
In beauty repose,  
And all the bright future,  
Is couched in the rose.

The summer of love  
Is the bloom of the heart,  
When hill, grove, and valley  
Their music impart;  
And the pure glow of Heaven  
Is seen in fond eyes,  
As lakes show the rainbow  
That's hung in the skies.

The autumn of love  
Is the season of cheer  
Life's mild Indian summer,  
The smile of the year;  
Which comes when the golden  
Ripe harvest is stored;  
And yields its own blessings—  
Repose and reward.

The winter of love  
Is the beam that we win,  
While the storm scowls without  
From the sunshine within.  
Love's reign is eternal,  
The heart is his throne,  
And he has all seasons  
Of life for his own.

## GENERAL SELECTIONS

**YOU MUST HAVE IT!**  
A friend of ours, now resident at the West, vouches for the truth of the following anecdote:

A hotel-keeper in one of our large Western cities, being in want of a waiter, engaged a gentleman, lately arrived from the "old country," in that responsible capacity.

On the morning of the day on which Pat was to make his debut, the landlord called him aside and gave him a few necessary instructions.

"You must recollect," said he, "that at dinner we always serve soup first. That's the rule of the house. You understand, do you?"

"Sure, sir, I'll recollect it. Just be easy on that score. As sure as my name's Pat O'Flannigan, it shall be done."

Supper being that the new waiter was sufficiently indoctrinated, his master left him.

At dinner Pat followed his instructions faithfully till he came to a gentleman who pushed aside the proffered plate of soup and said:

"I won't take any soup."  
"But you must take it," said Pat in a determined tone, attempting to place it before him.

"Must have it!" said the gentleman in astonishment, "what do you mean?"  
"That's just what I mean, sir. It's my orders that you have soup, and soup you must have."

"But I don't eat soup at all. You may bring me some roast beef."  
"So I will sir, when you've eaten the soup, but not a minute before. You must have it. It's the rule of the house!"

"The gentleman who began to see in the kitchen, requested Pat to call the landlady, who had done his duty."

It is needless to say that Pat was informed that the "rules of the house" did not require the guests to eat what they were served to—*Yankee Blade.*

**A NEW FEATURE IN JOURNALISM.**  
Some months since, says the Richmond Morning Mail of Saturday, a young lady in Cincinnati, established in that city, a printing office for females. She opened counters, furnished them in the most comfortable style, placed a fine library, piano, &c., in the office, and then selected from among the most indigent sewing girls of her native city, some forty young females, to do the type-setting, and other mechanical labor of her establishment.

With no thought of pecuniary gain, (it is said) she invested several thousand dollars in her ladies' printing office, solely with a view to benefit the struggling females in the west, who were obliged to toil at the needle for meagre wages.

The result of this philanthropic enterprise is now the theme of universal praise. Ella Wentworth, the projector of the enterprise, has already had the pleasure of seeing her Literary Journal firmly established as one of the first papers in the west. The forty sewing girls to whom she gave employment, have now comfortable homes, and are earning six to nine dollars per week, at a pleasant and honorable employment.

Actuated by the success of her enterprise in the West, Ella contemplates establishing a similar office in Philadelphia, and the first number of the Philadelphia Literary Journal will be out in a few days. The Ohio papers speak of Miss Wentworth as a lady of fortune and influence, and commend her enterprise in strong terms. Ella claims the sympathies of the public. She asks that the benevolent will not forget the poor sewing girl, who is forced to toil from dawn to midnight, for a meagre remuneration.

The price of Miss Wentworth's journal is one dollar per year.

"What are you doing there?" said a gentleman to his sister, (a son of the Emerald Isle) who was busily engaged in preparing a noble looking animal for his master's service.

"Only making the stirrups a little longer, sir, sure."

"The stirrup, longer?" replied the gentleman, "is not that the saddle I used yesterday and I am sure the stirrups have not been altered."

"That is all very true, sir; but is not this horse higher than the one you rode yesterday?"

"The New York Day Book says it has a great many more applications from girls and women, who wish to learn typesetting, than it can take, and sewing girls are anxious to change their employment for that of competitors in printing offices."

## "DID NOT HE SAY BEANS?"

Two travellers put up for the night at a tavern. Early in the morning they absconded without reckoning with their host, also stealing from him a bag of beans. A few years after, they passed that road in company again. Again they asked for lodging at the same inn. The identical landlord was yet at his post. In the evening the landlord was busy in one corner of the bar room talking in a suppressed voice with one of his neighbors about a swarm of bees. His two dishonest guests were seated in another part of the room, and indistinctly hearing the talk about bees, one says to the other: "Did not he say beans?" "I think he did," was the reply; and quickly they were missing.

They then went to the window, and when I hear a man scolding about the personalities of editors, I cannot help thinking about the beans.

When the church-going man complains about the beans who pop into my mind. On ten thousand occasions I notice people whose consciences are not easy, saying to each other, by various modes of communication: "Did not he say beans?" though perhaps the writer on which their minds were excited than the sound of the word "beans" resembled that of "beans."

A sea captain "down East," a regular "old salt," relates the following as one of his fishing experiences:

Once with a friend he went out to catch halibut. His comrade prided himself on his skill in the business, and a rivalry arose between the two friends as to which should capture the first fish. Having dropped anchor and line they waited with fisherman's patience for a bite; but for a long time none came.

At length the countenance of the captain's companion began to lighten up, and presently he called out:

"I've got one!"

He commenced hauling with great vigor.

"It must be a large one," said he, "a hundred pound fellow, at least. He pulls stoutly. I tell you."

It was, indeed, evident that a big fellow was at the other end of the line; and it was soon discovered that it was not so easy matter to capture him.

"I must let him run, said he, 'and tire him out!'"

Accordingly he gave him line which was carried off rapidly. Soon the fisherman began to haul in again, making sure of his victim this time.

"Stand by captain!" said he, "with the boat hook, and hook him in the gills when he comes up. Get well braced, for he's a rouser!"

The captain accordingly braced himself for a tug, boat hook in hand, and waited impatiently for the moment of capture. His excited comrade was yet pulling carefully and slowly at the line, lest it should be broken, and eagerly watching for the first appearance of the prize when, suddenly a "sea change" came over his features, and dropping the line, he exclaimed:

"Je-wew-salen! Captain, it's the anchor!"

The captain went down in a shower of laughter, and it was a long day before the fisherman heard the last of catching an anchor, "paying it out" and "letting it run till it got tired."

I have been informed of an interesting fact, (if it be a fact,) concerning the young ladies of Boston; it is said that they will not walk to an evening concert, or lecture, or other place of amusement. The beaux, consequently, have to stand the damage of carriage-hire. To walk to a place of amusement, even on a pleasant evening, is considered *unfashionable*. This makes sad havoc with the pocket-money of the young gentleman who do these things; but the girls are inexorable. A New Yorker once expostulated with a company of young ladies on this point; but they maintained that any one who considered herself a lady would insist on the carriage.

"How do you manage with your New York ladies on such occasions?" asked one of the fair disputants.

"We 'bus 'em," replied the gallant New Yorker.

"Oh, well, we shouldn't object to that," was the general response.

I tell this tale as it was told to me; it is unfair to the ladies, of course, the columns of the New York Musical Review are open, &c.

**LITTLE TO DO.**  
The Cleveland Plain Dealer has the following:—An athletic specimen from the Emerald Isle called into the counting room of one of our River street merchants.

"The top of the morning to ye, Muster P—, I've been told ye're in want o' help."

"I've but little to do," replied P—, "with mercantile gravity."

"I'm the very boy for yeek. It's but little I care about doing—and it's the money I'm after, shure."

The naive reply procured him a situation with P—.

Here is one of the many beautiful thoughts to which Fanny Forester has given expression—

"Oh let me die in the country, where I shall not fall like a single leaf of the forest, unheeded; where those that love me need not mask their hearts to meet the careless multitude, and strive to forget me. Bury me in the country amid the prayers of the good and the tears of the loving; not in the dark, damp vault, away from the sweet scented air, and the cheerful sunshine, but in the open fields among the flowers that I loved while living."

To make a young lady six faithful ones deep in happiness—give her two canary birds, half a dozen moonbeams, twelve yards of silk and ice cream, several rose buds, a squeeze of the hand, and a promise of a new bonnet. If she don't melt, it will be because she can't.

A man in Ohio advertises his farm for sale. To show its virtues, he says: "It is as rich as Ceresus and prolific as a minister's wife."

## THE GROCERY!

WHERE may be found every variety of Groceries, Coffees, Teas, also Chocolate, Butter, Cheese, Honey, Treacle, Molasses, Cakes, Crackers, Flour, Meal, Beans and Peas, Bacon, Ham, Shoulders, Middles; Hams, unsmoked, pronounced by a Judge—Pork, Mince and Prime, Beef, smoked and in pickle. Also, every article necessary in a family or a well kept farm, or to be found in a well regulated Grocery—such as "The Grocery"—together with the best and inferior brands of Liquors, (all foreign and domestic)—Sausages, Cigars, Tobacco, &c., &c., many, very many articles too tedious to enumerate. Very useful and palatable, yet hardly ever thought of till seen.

Call at the Grocery, and the undersigned, who respectfully solicits a share of public patronage, will ever be prepared and happy to give particular attention to all who may favor him with a visit, whether with a view of buying, or seeing what nice things they may be had by paying a little attention to the advertising columns.

**PURDY & RODGERS.**  
Store recently occupied by Mr. W. A. Harney, one door North of Dr. Musgrave's Drug Store, 200 Main Street, E. City, N. C.  
Dec. 20th, 1853.

**NORFOLK AND NORTH CAROLINA.**  
The Practical Hatters would respectfully call the attention of the Trade to the quality of their stock of Spring and Summer HATS, the largest and best that has ever been offered in Norfolk, and not surpassed by any, at prices that cannot fail to give satisfaction, they are confident that the merchants will find it to their advantage to call before making their purchases. Those that are willing to extend to their patronage, may rely on having GOODS, whether of our own manufacture, or imported, as fashionable, fine and cheap, as any Northern Jobber. We earnestly request Merchants to call and be convinced, that we are prepared and will furnish every thing in our line on the best terms.

**Ladies' and Misses' Bonnets, in great variety. Canes and Umbrellas, wholesale.**  
**STEVENSON & BUTLER, 7, Market St., Norfolk, March 8, 1853.**

**NOTICE.**  
Having engaged the services of a young gentleman from Baltimore, well acquainted with the Apothecary business, the subscriber would inform Captains of vessels, farmers and families generally, that he is prepared to have his orders filled in the nicest and most approved manner. Medicine Chests, with printed or written directions, can be supplied at a moderate price. Prescriptions put up at a reasonable rate.  
**G. JNO. MUSGRAVE.**  
Jan 9

**J. R. SMALL & CO.**  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL HOUSE  
FURNISHING TIN, COPPER AND STOVE DEPOT.  
No. 6, Union Street, Norfolk.

THIS establishment, as large as the largest in the Southern States, and possessing facilities and workmen equal to any, can and will furnish all goods in their line as cheap if not cheaper than any similar establishment North or South.

Country merchants and dealers from Virginia and North Carolina will please call and examine our stock of Groceries, and we will furnish you goods in their line as cheap if not cheaper than any similar establishment North or South.

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## NEW CARPET WAREHOUSE.

No. 26, Main-st., Norfolk, Va.  
The undersigned, in the mode of informing his old friends and customers and the public generally, that in addition to his former business of Upholsterer and Paper Hanger, he has opened a large and splendid stock of Valued Carpets, Tapestry, Tapestry Ingrain, Common Ingrain, and Venetian Carpeting, at all prices, from 18¢ cents to \$2 per yard.

Also, Rugs and Mats, Druggists of all widths, from 4-10 to 12 wide.

Door Mats of every description, Stair Linen, and a new article of Oil Cloth for Stairs, which supercedes the use of Crash or Stair Linen, more durable and does not require washing.

**OIL CLOTHS.**  
Of all widths and at all prices, for Entries, Halls, passages, stairways and Dining Rooms.

**UPHOLSTERY AND CURTAIN GOODS.**  
Of every description, such as silk and worsted Damasks, Satin Delaine, Moire, Turkey Red, &c., with Cornices, Bands and Loops, Gimpes and Galleons, cords and Tassels, &c., with stock of Lace and Muslin curtains that cannot be surpassed if equalled in this city.

The undersigned would also address a few words to all when it may concern, about **PAPER HANGINGS.**

Or Wall paper, and begs leave to inform them that his stock was never larger, better or more varied in color and pattern, or of quality, and as to price he is determined that they shall be satisfactory, for he has made up his mind to sell at all hazards, if purchasers can be found at any price.  
**W. A. WALTERS.**  
On 19 No. 26, Main Street, Norfolk, Va.

**AT THE WATER!**  
**FALL AND WINTER STOCK OF DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, &c.**  
THE UNDERSIGNED most respectfully tender his thanks to his friends and the public generally for the liberal share of patronage heretofore extended to him while engaged in the Grocery business. He now has the pleasure of announcing that he has opened a new and complete stock, consisting in part of Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Cutlery, Crockery, Tin, Glass and Stone ware, and many other articles which he has not time to particularize, but which he has bought, consequently the Goods are all new, and of the latest styles. The subscriber solicits a call from those that may be in want of such goods as he has, and he feels sure that he can give general satisfaction to all reasonable persons, who are willing to let live, and live themselves.

The subscriber will take corn, cash or any other merchantable produce in exchange for goods, or old accounts, due to the old stand at the water.  
**WM. HALSEY.**  
E. City, Nov. 15, 1853.

**NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS.**  
Greatest Selection in this City!

AMONG the goods in our large assortment of Fall and Winter GOODS, are the following:—Mouseline de Laines, Cashmeres, Alpaccas, Bouzinas, French Merinos, Lustrous Worsted, plaid, figured and plain Shawls—great variety.

Staple Goods—a splendid assortment. Embroideries—a great variety. Linens, Damasks, Portmanteaux, Trunks, Blankets, Carpets, Trunks, ready made or made to order.

A beautiful selection of Ready Made Clothing, at small prices. And a great supply of other articles too numerous to mention.

We respectfully invite the public generally, and our friends especially, to give us a call, and to assist us in our efforts to give satisfaction.  
**W. H. HARTSHORN & BRO.**  
E. City, Nov. 15, 1853.

**MERCHANT'S HOTEL.**  
GATESVILLE, N. C.

I would inform my friends and the public that I am now prepared to accommodate at all times from 100 to 150 persons in the best style. The public may rest assured that nothing will be left undone by the proprietor to make them comfortable at his house.

**THOMAS G. VAUGHAN, Proprietor.**  
Refers to Jos. H. Pool, L. D. Sharke, E. City, N. C.; R. Heath, Esq., H. W. Collins, Edenton, N. C.; Robert J. Saunders, Hertford, David Parker, Esq., Whitwell Stallings, Esq., Gates Co.; Robt. R. Prentiss, Suffolk, Va.; Bloodgood & Co., T. B. Harris, Gro. Reid, Esq., Norfolk, Va.; Thomas G. Little & Co., Baltimore, Md.; J. W. Harrison, Dunlap & Ford, Philadelphia; Drap. Clark & Co., Tracy, Irwin & Co., New York; Jno. L. Smith, Boston; C. Manly, Ex-Gov. N. C.; Dr. Joseph Parker, Gatesville, N. C.; John Womble, Richmond, Va.  
May 31, '53.

**BOOK BINDERY AND BLANK BOOK MANUFACTORY.**  
VICKERY & GRIFFITH would respectfully inform their friends that they have at considerable expense fitted up a complete and extensive Book Binding and Blank Book Manufactory, and having engaged the services of competent and experienced workmen, they are prepared to manufacture BLANK BOOKS of every description of binding and of all sizes and patterns, and printed books of every kind in the best manner and on as reasonable terms as any establishment in the United States; and it is hoped that a generous public patronage and success will be the result of their efforts.

Books of all kinds, and of all sizes, and of all patterns, and printed books of every kind in the best manner and on as reasonable terms as any establishment in the United States; and it is hoped that a generous public patronage and success will be the result of their efforts.

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## 5000 CHALLENGE!

WHATEVER concerns the health and happiness of a people is at all times of the most vital importance. I take it for granted that every person will do all in their power, to save the lives of their children, and that every person will endeavor to promote their own health and happiness. I feel it to be my duty to solemnly assure you that the WORMS, according to the opinion of the most celebrated Physicians, are the primary causes of a large majority of diseases to which children and adults are liable. If you have an appetite continually changeable from one kind of food to another, Bad Breath, Pain in the Stomach, Picking at the Nose, Hardness and Fullness of the Belly, Dry Cough, Slow Fever, Pulse Irregular—remember that all these denote WORMS, and you should at once apply the remedy.

**HOBENSAK'S VORM SYRUP.**  
An article founded upon Scientific Principles, compounded with purely vegetable substances, being perfectly safe when taken, and can be given to the most tender Infant with decided beneficial effect, where Bowel Complaints and Diarrhea have made them weak and debilitated. The Tonic properties of my Vorm Syrup such, that it stands without an equal in the catalogue of medicines, in giving tone and strength to the Stomach, which makes it an infallible remedy for those afflicted with Dyspepsia. The astonishing cures performed by this Syrup, after Physicians have failed, is the best evidence of its superior efficacy over all others.

**HOBENSAK'S LIVER PILLS.**  
No part of the system is more liable to disease than the LIVER, it serving as a filter to purify the blood, and giving out the impurities of the bile; so that any wrong action of the liver affects the other important parts of the system, and results variously in Jaundice, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, &c. We should, therefore, watch every symptom that might indicate the wrong action of the liver. These Pills being composed of Roots and Plants furnished by nature to heal the sick; namely, 1st. AN EXPECTORANT, which augments the secretion from the Pulmonary mucous membrane, and promotes the discharge of secreted matter. 2nd. AN ALTERNATIVE, which changes in some inexplicable and insensible manner the certain morbid action of the system. 3rd. A TONIC, which gives tone and strength to the nervous system, renewing health and vigor to the body. 4th. A CATHARTIC, which acts in perfect harmony with the other ingredients, and operating on the Bowels, and expelling the whole mass of corrupt and vitiated matter, and purifying the Blood, which destroys disease and restores health.

**TO FEMALES.**  
You will find these Pills an invaluable medicine in many complaints to which you are subject. In connection either total or partial, they have ever been found of inestimable benefit, restoring their functional arrangements to a healthy action, purifying the blood and other fluids so electrically to put it right all complaints which may be the result of irregularities, as head ache, giddiness, dizziness of sight, pain in the side, &c.

None genuine unless signed J. N. Hobensack, & others being base imitations. Agents wishing supplies, and Store Keepers desirous of securing Agents, must address the Proprietor, J. N. Hobensack, Philadelphia, Pa.

For sale by G. J. Musgrave, E. City, N. C.; Son, Norfolk; J. B. Campbell, Portsmouth, Va.; Hays, Clark, & Co., Baltimore, Md.; and by all Merchants & Druggists in the U. S. Price Each 25 Cts. September 7th, 1852.

**Hertford Academy.**  
FEMALE DEPARTMENT.

**D. BARCLIFF, Principal.**  
Miss CAROLINE V. HARVEY, Assistant.

The exercises of this department will be divided into two courses of five months each. The Spring Session will commence on the last Monday in February; the Fall Session will commence on the first Monday in October.

The Principal takes pleasure in announcing that she has secured the services of Miss Caroline V. Harvey, formerly of Florida, and recently of Troy, New York. Miss Harvey is so well and so favorably known in Gates and the adjoining counties, that she deems it unnecessary to dwell at length on her qualifications. She is a native of the State, and has been educated in the best manner, and she comes to Hertford with a view of making it a permanent home.

Board can be obtained in several private families in Hertford, or at the house of Mrs. Harvey, exclusively for young ladies; price from seven to eight dollars a month, without extra charge.

The course of instruction will embrace the usual English studies, with French, and Music on the Piano and Guitar.

**Terms of Tuition Per Session:**  
Elementary French, \$10 00  
English and Mathematical, 12 00  
French, 5 00  
Drawing, 5 00  
Music on Piano, 15 00  
Use of Instrument, 2 00

A report of the scholarship, punctuality, and deportment of each pupil will be sent to parents at the close of each month.

For further particulars address the Trustees, T. F. Jones, Willis H. Bagley, and Jos. G. Granberry, Esqrs., Hertford, N. C. Feb. 8, 1853.

**CORNER SHELLERS.**  
I keep constantly on hand a full supply of "Parker's" recently called the "Virginia" CORNER SHELLER, made in the best manner, for hand and horse power; they are superior to all others that are better. The "Excelsior" Shell, manufactured by myself, will shell faster, cleaner, does not spit the grain nor require so much power to work it, these are qualities that render it superior and more desirable than the "Parker's." Have Smith's Patent Corner Shell, which is known to be a superior implement, capable of shelling from 10 to 1200 bushels per day, with a very large stock of Box Corn Shellers from \$5 to \$10, and then I have the agency for the sale of Rogers's Corn Sheller, which is the best sheller for power I have ever seen; it requires but little power to drive it, is very simple and durable, and not liable to get out of order. I annex a certificate of Hon. J. M. Clayton, from among many of a similar character:

I have witnessed with much satisfaction the working in my corn of a Corner Sheller put up for me by J. M. Clayton, of the Messrs. Readins, the Patentees; and I have no hesitation in saying that it seems to me greatly superior to any other I have ever seen in use. Its capacity is fully one thousand bushels per day, and this is exhibited by the fact that it has shelled four hundred bushels of the cobs are separated by it from the grain, and the grain itself much less broken than by the other Machines. I think it a great improvement in shelling corn.

Farmers in want of a Sheller for power only, may rely upon this as worthy of their patronage. Persons wishing to purchase and unwilling to believe me, or rely upon the numerous certificates in my possession, can have their doubts removed by seeing it in operation. It has shelled 250 bushels of corn in an hour.

Calls and see, or send orders to S. MARCH, who has the largest and best assortment of Farming Implements in the State.  
Norfolk, Oct. 4.

**WORTHY OF NOTE.**  
Druggist greatly enlarged and improved his Drug Store, and has the largest and best selected stock of Drugs ever brought to this place. He has also a large assortment of PAINTS, OILS, GLASS of various sizes, PUTTY, DYE STUFFS, &c. It is particularly desirable for the numerous to mention. All of which will be sold for cash or on short credit.  
Not. S.